Rosemary

1907

Mrs. Paul L. Smith

P. O. Box 13, Prattville, Alabama 36067

November 17, 1970

Office of President
Sullins College
Bristol, Virginia

Dear Sir:

My sister-in-law, Miss Claudia Smith, passed away on May 31, this year. Among her effects, we found this copy of Rosemary, 1907 in which year her sister, Miss Lena Smith was in the Sophomore class. She passed away in 1959.

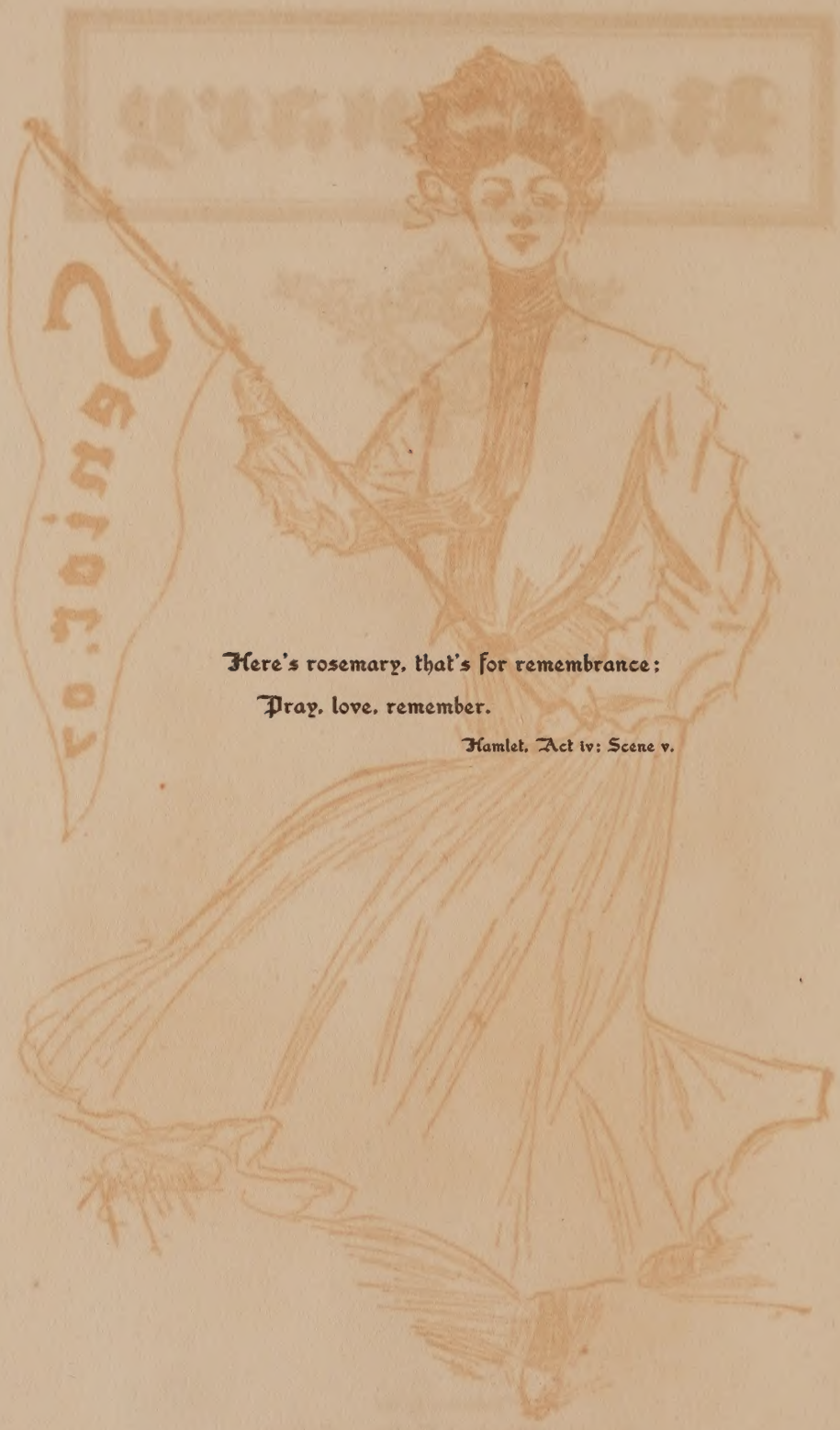
It is beautifully done and very interesting, and we thought perhaps you would like it for your library or your files.

Very truly yours,
Elizabeth F. Smith
(Mrs. Paul L.)

Property of
Senior Class of Indian College
Normal Division
1907

Rosemary

Published by the
Senior Class of Sullins College
Bristol, Virginia
1907

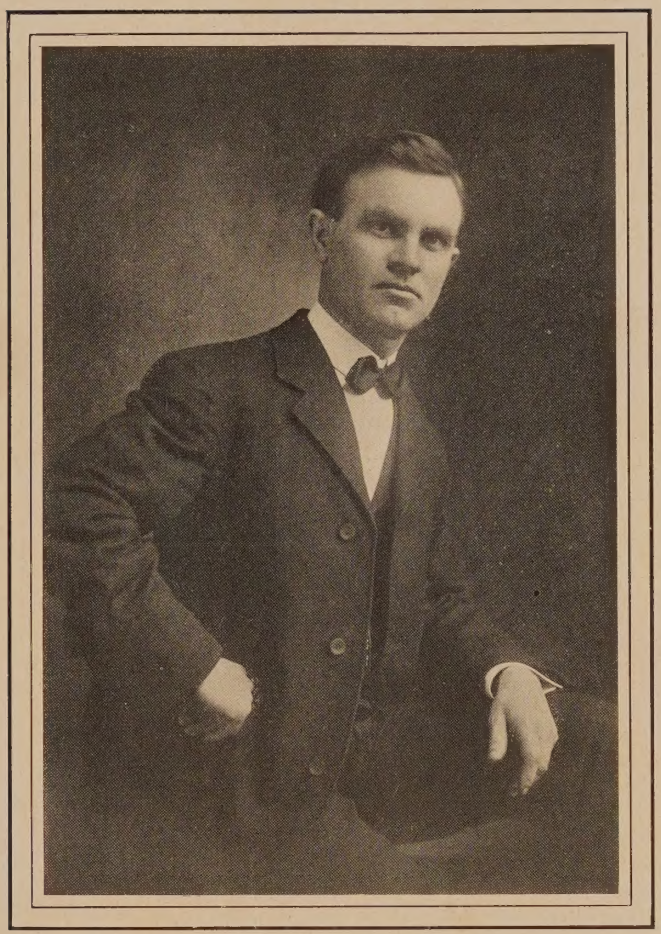


Here's rosemary, that's for remembrance:
Pray, love, remember.

Hamlet, Act iv: Scene v.

Senior 07

Respectfully dedicated
to
Dr. W. E. Martin
President
of Sullins College



DR. W. E. MARTIN

Faculty

Miss Eva Dickenson

Prof. Carl Bodell — Prof. Louis Alberti

Dr. W. E. Martin

Miss Juliet Kinney — Miss Isabel Hawley

Miss Martha McGavock — Miss Celia Brinson

Mrs. S. I. Hunt

Miss Jettie Patterson — Miss Mary Carden

Miss Grace Pemberton — Miss Caroline Smith

Miss Amelia Baskervill

Miss L. A. Patterson — Miss Lillia Morton

Prof. A. G. Vredenburg — Miss Leila Martin

Miss Etta Beckham

Mrs. Mattie McDonald — Miss Frances Nugent

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ADA HONAKER EDNA BROWN

Grace Pemberton
Ada Honaker
Edna B. Brown

SULLINS COLLEGE

Foreword

THE SENIOR CLASS OF '07 takes great pleasure in editing this, the first volume of ROSEMARY. Around a College Annual there always cling the breath and perfume of a thousand memories—memories of days spent in sweet companionships and associations, filled with the light and laughter of joyous youth—and those, too, spent in the fellowship of tears and suffering, out of which come bonds and ties true-hearted and lasting.

In the tides and affairs of after-life, these precious remembrances come as a blessing, lending a golden glow to our hours of thought and reminiscence and yielding strength at times when the world is sad and low. It is, as it were, an open rose jar out of which issue a gentle fragrance and a wealth of untold sweetness, permeating and delighting the soul with rare grace.

To our Faculty we would pay a tribute of love and thanks for the earnestness and zeal with which they have held up to us the standards and ideals for higher life and spiritual uplift. Truly they have labored well and not in vain, for we go forth with ambitions and aspirations implanted in our hearts, and with a dauntless courage which cannot but overcome whatever of obstacles and hindrances we may meet.

So we send our ROSEMARY out on its mission of pleasure and helpfulness, knowing well that it is endeared to every heart in our class.

EDITOR.

Class of 1907

Officers

Louisa Hall	*President*
Grace Pemberton	*Vice-President*
Jettie Patterson	*Secretary and Treasurer*
Mary McCuddy	*Class Prophet*
Willie Joe Tompkins	*Class Poet*
Gesner Lavender	*Historian*
Katherine Spratt	*Giftorian*

Class Song

TUNE: *Heidelberg.*

Of all that is dear to youthful hearts,
Are our college days of old;
Treasuring them up within our minds
Means more than a world of wealth.
Come, let us sing praises of our dear class,
And when every praise has been told,
Then come ye, who love her best,
Lift high your cups and drink deep to her health.

CHORUS.

Here's to the class of nineteen seven,
Here's to the place she'll hold;
Here's to our classmates ever true,
To the honors they unfold.
Here's to the place we hold so dear,
Long live our loyalty;
Here's to the memories of the year,
Here's to our own S. C.

K. S., '07.

EDNA ELIZABETH BROWN, A. B., ... Amarillo, Texas.

"Her air, her manner, all who saw admired;
Courteous, tho coy, and gentle tho retired."

For wit and originality Edna cannot be excelled. Her cheerfulness has done much to brighten those who are inclined to despondency, while in the class-room she is the pride of the teacher and the wonder of the girls. Senior History is her delight.

President All-Western Club, '07.
Secretary and Treasurer C. L. S.
Joke Editor ROSEMARY.

ALICE CORINNE HERVEY, Art, ... Water Valley, Miss.

"A flattering painter who makes it her care
To paint men as they ought to be, not as they are."

Corinne is a great lover of art, and two years spent at Sullins have been devoted to this work. Her greatest objections to college life are the early rising bell and the many rules to remember. She says her failing is to forget them all, and if it were not for the obliging teachers, she would be blissfully ignorant of their existence.

President of Mississippi Club, '07.

ADA ANNE HONAKER, A. B., Art, ... Wytheville, Va.

"A noble type of good heroic womanhood."
"There's life in the strokes of her brush."

This noble girl has many virtues to her credit, a great intellectual ability, and a high standard of moral and Christian conduct.

For a long time it was a wonder to her schoolmates why Ada dressed so neatly every Friday morning, but the riddle was solved when her friends thought that it was on these particular mornings that chapel exercises were conducted by a certain young minister. However, she acquired this habit from long association with Gesner, who has made a practice of this for several years.

Diploma in Business Course, '06.
Art Editor ROSEMARY, '07.

MARY LOUISA HALL, B. S., ... Coosada, Ala.

"Some hand had taken away the seal
That held the portal of her speech.
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach."

Our little class president is here, there and everywhere performing faithfully every duty that is placed upon her. Yet she is always cheerful and ready for any sport. With all her manifold duties she finds plenty of time to visit Emory. This and tennis may be called her chief delights. The spirit of Davis, Lee, and Jackson is embodied in Louisa and Grace, who think there is no place greater than their own sunny Southland.

Critic C. L. S., 1905-'06.
Asheville Delegate Y. W. C. A., 1905-'06.
President Senior Class, 1906-'07.
President Alabama Club, 1906-'07.
Marshall Athletic Club, 1906-'07.
Y. W. C. A. Editor.

ISABEL CATHERINE HAWLEY, Music, ... Christiansburg, Va.

"Music to her, is a prophecy of what life is to be—
The rainbow of promise, translated out of seeing into hearing."

Isabel is a very ambitious girl, and "stick-to-it-iveness" is a prominent part of her make-up. Her repertoire consists of sentimental, dreamy music, and she is decidedly in her element when she has a band of her friends around her in the twilight playing for them.

President of F. L. S., 1903-'04 and 1905-'06.

ETHEL VICTORIA HOODENPYL, ... McMinnville, Tenn.

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command."

No student has won in a year's time more respect from both Faculty and students than Ethel. She is admired for her enthusiasm and energy, and loved for her thoughtfulness for others. Even birds recognize her good qualities and a white "Swan" often flutters around the college in search of her.

Vice-President C. L. S., first term.
President C. L. S., second term.
Vice-President C. L. S., fourth term.
President Dramatic Club.
Assistant Business Manager ROSEMARY.

EULA LEE KENDRICK, B. S., ... Bristol, Va.

"There are no depths in any stream like the
brown, soft tenderness of your eyes."

Eula Lee, one of our town girls, is very popular among both the College girls and the young people of the city. Since early childhood she has been a student at Sullins and has always been noted for her gentleness and sweetness, and each day serves to add some new admirer. It is only this year that she has realized that something great is expected of her. She has thrown herself into the work with so much enthusiasm that it is difficult to recognize the Eula Lee of old.

GESNER LAVENDER, B. S., Expression, ... Havana, Ala.

"It's not her air, her form, her face;
'Tis mind that shines in every grace."

Gesner is a thorough student and earnest worker in the Y. W. C. A. and Missionary Society. In Expression her greatest talent lies, and her prospects show every indication of a brilliant future.

She excels all others in her wonderful power of winning the favor of the members of the Faculty.

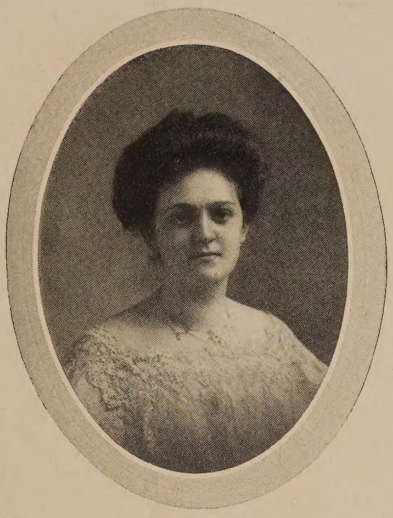
President Home Mission Society, 1904-'05.
Secretary and Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., 1904-'05 and 1905-'06.
President of F. L. S., 1906-'07.
President of Dramatic Club, 1905-'06.
Secretary and Treasurer Dramatic Club, 1906-'07.
Class Historian, 1906-'07.

MARY CATHERINE MCCUDDY, A. B., ... Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

"She's witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

We have a very startling announcement to make: it is now doubted that Demosthenes ever died; if he did he now lives reincarnated in Mary. Her eloquence is of a very forceful kind, and she spends much of it remonstrating over Bessie's late hours. Yet, withall, she is a very interesting "creature" to know, and one of whom we are duly proud. Ruling passion—Miss Baskervill.

President of the Tennessee Club, 1906-'07.
Secretary and Treasurer of the German Club, 1906-'07.
Chairman of the Social Committee Y. W. C. A., 1906-'07.
Assistant Manager of the German Club, 1906-'07.



KATHERINE PINSON, B. S., ... Geiger, Ala.

"Her intellect is not for invention or creation,
But for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision."

This little Alabama girl always sees the good in everything, and is one of the most unselfish girls in the class. She has won quite a reputation as a writer, and her essays are such that they have led her school mates to believe that they will one day hear of her as a famous authoress.

JETTIE HENRI PATTERSON, B. S., Music, ... Amarillo, Texas.

"A mind, the music breathing from her face;
A heart, whose softness harmonized the whole."

Jettie is a young lady who is loved by all, and whose good influence is felt throughout the college. Her prospects indicate that she will rival Paderewski. Her energy and conscientious work has won for her a responsible position among the Faculty.

Secretary and Treasurer C. L. S., first term, 1905-'06.
Vice-President C. L. S., second term, 1905-'06.
President C. L. S., third term, 1905-'06.
Secretary-Treasurer Senior Class, 1907.
Assistant Business Manager ROSEMARY.
Asheville Delegate from Y. W. C. A., 1906.

TAYLOR GRACE PEMBERTON, A. B., ... Wytheville, Va.

"Better not be at all than not be noble."

It's hard to tell whether Grace is a pupil or a teacher, but she's in the fortunate position of being either or neither or both, as the occasion demands. She is full of college spirit, always ready to lend a hand to any project of the girls', and is a very important factor in Sullins' life.

Vice-President F. L. S., 1905-'06.
Corresponding Secretary Missionary Society, 1905-'06.
Vice-President Senior Class, 1907.
President Virginia Club, 1906-'07.
Vice-President Athletic Club, 1906-'07.
On Program Committee F. L. S., 1906-'07.
Editor-in-Chief ROSEMARY.

ETHEL MAY RANDALL, A. B., ... Marion Junction, Ala.

"Oh woman in hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou."

A merry, lively soul, all bubbling over with fun and frolic, also makes things lively at the "Alabama House." Her chief fort is housekeeping and cooking; her fudge has made her famous. It has been whispered that some one "down where the cotton blossoms bloom" is impatiently awaiting her return.

LOIS REEVES, B. S., ... Bristol, Tenn.

"As merry as the day is long."

She is a girl whom we never see studying, yet she often startles classmates and teachers with the possibilities of her broad mind. She is what we might call a happy-go-lucky girl, for nothing ever worries her unless it is the thought that some day she may have to part with Willie Joe, to whom she is very much devoted. Lois is one of the most popular girls in school. Always laughing and talking, she creates around her an atmosphere of sunshine and happiness.

OLLIE SURFACE, B. S., ... Christiansburg, Va.

"So mild, so merciful, so strong and good;
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure."

Although Ollie is small, and one would not expect so much of her, she has all these qualities and many more. Besides being very studious, it has been unanimously agreed that she is the "cutest" girl in school. Her greatest ambition has been to go North to teach, but lately she has decided that she has a heart to care for, so it is doubtful whether her former ambitions will be realized.

Treasurer of C. L. S., 1903-'04.

POLLY T. SPANGLER, A. B., ... Churchhill, Tenn.

"Zealous, yet modest; innocent tho free;
Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms,
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms."

Truly, "Polly, the old-fashioned girl," with all her womanliness and gentleness, beloved as she was, was never more highly thought of and admired than our Polly. Tho carrying a burden of nine studies and deeply engrossed in classic lore, yet like other "Pollys" we have heard of, she finds time to talk and be sociable.

Critic F. L. S., 1906-'07.
Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1906-'07.
President French Club.

KATHERINE FLORENCE SPRATT, Music, ... Richlands, Va.

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before."

One of our showiest members is Katherine. A brilliant musician and reader. She is popular with the girls and boys—and always ready for a lark.

Secretary C. L. S., 1903-'04.
President C. L. S., first term, 1906-'07.
Vice-President C. L. S., second term, 1906-'07.
Post Graduate in Expression, 1904-'05.
Class Giftorian.

BERTHA SPANGLER, B. S., ... Jared, W. Va.

"For she has such a face and such a mien
As to be loved, needs only to be seen."

A more sincere girl cannot be found. She is greatly admired for her noble purposes and high ideals. She is a conscientious student, and an enthusiastic worker in the Y. W. C. A.

Bertha is one of the few fortunate girls who thoroughly enjoys a trip to Emory.

Secretary and Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., 1906-'07.
Secretary and Treasurer of West Virginia Club, 1906-'07.
Vice-President C. L. S., fourth quarter, 1906-'07.

WILLIE JOE TOMPKINS, ... Bristol, Tenn.

"A heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hands to execute."

She is a thorough student and an earnest worker, never neglectful of her lessons. She is always ready to "cut classes" and for sport of any kind. Perhaps her greatest fault is an over-fondness for Lois. This has already led her into the Pedagogy Class, but it remains to be seen if it will lead her into becoming a spinster pedagog.

Class Poet, 1906-'07.

Class Poem

Kindly hard the pleasing fetters
Thrown around our sister hearts
While we pierced the realm of letters,
Sought the pure, scholastic arts.
Long the days, but full, containing
Pleasures numberless and long;
Good the weeks of good restraining,
Full of friendships iron-strong.

Hand to hand in work delighting;
Mind to mind in duty's call;
Heart to heart in friendship's plighting;
Soul to soul in frolic's hall.
Science, tongues, the diamond treasures,
All the nice and lighter parts
Tried we jointly: joint the pleasures
Gushing from our kindred hearts.

Now we stop our college ranges,
Now the halcyon day concludes;
Now begin the pointed changes,
Life's prepared vicissitudes.
Absence need not kill affection;
It should build the spirit up;
Parting strengthens recollection,
Let us often sip her cup.

W. J. T., '07.

Looking Forward

IN the words of the "Immortal Allegory," "I lay me down to sleep, and as I slept I dreamed a dream," and lo! I stood on the summit of a mighty mountain, alone, save for the weird companionship of my guide, the shadowy Spirit of the Future. Before me lay all the great expanse of the world, each nook in the valleys of the Present and the Past showing with startling distinctness, until my mind was overwhelmed in its efforts to grasp all the vast panorama. Gradually the clear, white light that had revealed at one glance the sum of all the knowledge gained during college days, grew less and less distinct, till at last I was left alone in a great darkness. In the midst of my dread bewilderment the hand of my guide was laid upon my shoulder, and when I looked in the direction of his pointing wand, I saw one tiny point of light gleaming with all the brilliance of a jewel in the midst of the surrounding blackness. Slowly it grew and spread, till at last I saw clearly unrolled before my wandering gaze a vision of the year 1917.

In the midst of my confusion and amazement, my guide, addressing me in sepulchral tones told me that the vision would soon vanish and I must endeavor to learn only one thing from it. What could I desire more than to know the fate of the class of '07 at Sullins?

In the center of the picture I saw a great hall and in it a mighty assemblage of surging, yelling, screaming, shrieking humanity. A political convention! But wherefore so few men and such hordes of excited women! Why, of course, Woman's Suffrage had been introduced and the men had wisely withdrawn from the fray. The mighty burst of cheers that almost deafened me was to greet the election of Miss Louisa Hall as candidate for the Presidency of the United States, representing the Woman's Rights party, which meant that the election to this office was sure. Well, why be surprised? I might have known it was only a step from President of the Senior Class of '07 at Sullins to the executive mansion at Washington.

Gradually a shadow came over this splendor. Deeper and deeper it grew until it was lost in utter darkness—but for a moment only. Slowly out of this Stygian blackness tangible forms appeared. With intense interest I watched them develop. In the dim distance mountain summits of every hue, of blue, gray and purple towered in precipitous peaks and pinnacles, that seemed to meet the sky; nearer a dense jungle, then tall palm trees and exquisite flowers, through which flitted gorgeous butterflies—a primeval Afric wild. What artistic class-mate of mine had chosen this spot as her summer home? Brighter and larger grew the picture, till finally each indistinct figure stood out in bold relief. What! A cannibal feast? Under the dense shade of a far-spreading and stately ute tree the bloodthirsty elders sat in council, their tufts of scarlet feathers bristling in exultation. A pot, out of which issued volumes of smoke and odor of onions (?) brewed and stewed in the distance. Around it danced the warriors in frenzied glee. The angry gods would now be propitiated. The death-drum sounded and from a nearby stockade the last victim of the recent raid on the missionary camp was "kowtowed" in. In anguish I recognized the slender form of—how can I utter it, alas! too well remembered—our haughty, high-spirited, disputatious Grace Pemberton. Her fiery spirit not yet quenched, she gazed

with defiant eye at the exultant chief. The head of the culinary department, stirring the pot, waited in impatient wrath. Sight could bear no more! I turned away, unwilling to witness the gruesome scene. Then a groan of despair, which I was powerless to resist, drew my eyes once more to it. With unutterable relief, joy inexpressible, I heard her disappointed captor mutter, "Too thin; a diet of soup till she fattens!" (Dear girl, she'll outlive us all yet.)

Gladly I watched this fade, and in its stead stood a temple. From within, lights gleamed with the brilliance of the midday sun. Multitudes packed to its very doors, breathless interest depicted on every face. All was silent; then a mighty burst of applause shook the very walls of the massive structure, and resounded in thunderous echoes to the heavens. The portals opened. A scene of splendor, blinding for the moment, flashed on my vision. In the magnificent auditorium was gathered the royalty of all Europe. Diamonds sparkled and danced in the lights, precious jewels gleamed on the bosoms of queens, royal insignias bespoke the monarch's presence, with crowned heads bent forward in expectancy. Lo! in regal state, ushered in by the Emperor of Germany, appeared the world-renowned pianist—an American girl she seemed. Yes, that hair could belong to none other—'twas Jettie, Mr. Bodell's pet, now a nation's idol!

I walked briskly down the crowded thoroughfare of the busy city of New York, then entering the Herald building, I hurried to the elevator. After having landed on the 23d floor, I hastened to the editor's private office. There, amid piles of discarded manuscript, and messenger boys, with hair dishevelled, was one upon whose countenance a look of an old acquaintance sat. Buried in thought she scribbled on, totally oblivious of all that was going on around her. So occupied she seemed, that I wondered if she would even deign to notice me. So approaching her timidly and laying my hand on her shoulder, I said in a faltering voice, "Why, isn't this Edna Brown?" Sure enough it was! After leaving Sullins, she had by degrees, reached the zenith of her fame. She was now joke editor of the New York Herald, and with her millions made in this profession she yearly endowed Sullins, for 'twas there she had her first experience, and to it she owed a great part of her success.

On the pier a huge crowd had gathered, nay, a shrieking multitude poured forth its lungs in enthusiasm. As the mighty ocean-liner drew nearer, and finally touched the landing, her excited watchers grew incontrollable. When the passengers came bustling out, each badged with a toy hatchet, intelligence dawned upon me. The mighty "Carrie" had again lighted on her native soil from her annual tour of the world. But was this beaming face that of the saloon-smashing female! Nay, rather it concerned me more than that—not "Carrie," but Gesner, my old friend, now weilding the hatchet. We all had expected that her elocutionary powers would be turned into something great, but never had we determined for her such a career as this.

'Twas Xmas eve. Outside a storm raged, but within all was warmth and hospitality. A beautiful, stately woman bowed graciously to her guests as they entered. By her sweet voice and smile I knew her to be Katherine Pinson, and I was later told that she had become poet laureate of America. I was not surprised, for in earlier days she had shown exceeding talent in this line. Her annual reception to the celebrities of the world was being given. Famous men and brilliant women of all nations had assembled there to enjoy this rest and quiet from the society of their everyday life, and more especially to be with her. But somehow I felt strangely out of place among these noted ones, and turned to go, but as I did so my glance fell on a magnificent picture, the creator of which had indeed "held the mirror up to nature." At once I felt that not yet must I leave, for surely the name I heard on every lip meant something to me, though it was a name which I did not remember. Leav-

ing all to Fate, it finally worked out. I was introduced to some one—a strange name, but still it was Corinne. Her name had just been changed—she was the maker of this wonderful work over which every one was raving.

Next a vast prairie stretched before me, dotted with innumerable regiments of cattle, peacefully grazing in the noon-tide heat. In the heart of this restful scene was an old ranch house. Comfort, prosperity and content seemed to reign. Following an old cow-trail I soon reached the side gate, and in a few steps the cool, shady, vine-covered veranda, and found myself face to face with its serene mistress—Ada Honaker. Urged to remain to talk over school days, we were soon lost in the past, only to be aroused by a cheery whistle, as around the corner came a typical ranchman. I needed no introduction; 'twas the faithful Thomas, of whom in earlier days we had heard so much.

The ballroom was crowded—the first society event. Yet all of my other classmates seemed to have cast off the vanities of life. As I gazed at the excited faces of the dancers, something seemed to tell me that 'twas not here that I would quench my thirst for knowledge of the future of another, so I roamed listlessly into the conservatory. Behind a huge palm two lovers sat, forgetting all else, while he on his knees poured forth the very eloquence of his soul. I waited a moment. Then a rippling laugh gave the answer, for which he was pleading. I stole away, not daring to intrude further. But the laughter of Eula Lee remained with me, and I knew for her that life was about to begin anew.

Horror seized me! Stars were falling as fast as flakes in a snow-storm. Fireballs brighter than Venus and larger than the full moon pelted the earth. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy could be heard from the frightened crowd massed in the street. The scene was truly awful. Yet in cool and calm indifference sat the astronomer of the Lick Observatory, before a huge telescope, busily mapping these falling bodies. Surely this was Ollie, for none other had sat on the roof till the wee small hours lost in eager astronomical contemplation.

But this meteoric shower was not yet complete. A gasoline odor pervaded the air. Down with the stars came an airship, whizzing and buzzing with importance. Out of it came an energetic begoggled female, fondly clutching in her hand a small vial, as if her life were its contents. Through a megaphone she soon attracted a crowd to whom she announced in stentorian tones her final success in the discovery of some powerful water, found along the East Andean slope, which was warranted to produce perpetual youth. But who was this behind the goggles? I waited till she removed them and there stood Polly.

This is a quiet home scene. Through the windows gleamed the firelight. Inside was cheer and comfort and a light of supreme happiness seemed to shine on the absorbed faces of two, who, lost to all the world, dreamed their dreams, each building air castles for the future. Isabel, as in olden days, still played for "Mose" those old songs he loved. He, more fortunate than others, charmed by those melodious strains, had won the prize for which so many had struggled.

Then a scene of ice and snow, great glaciers loomed in the distance. I heard the fierce howls of the Esquimau dogs as over the snow came a Greenland sled covered with old shoes and bits of frozen rice. Two happy couples were on their honeymoon to the North Pole, quite a fad in these latter days. As they dashed merrily by, four laughing, frost-bitten faces peered out of their fur hoods, only two of which I was able to recognize. These Polaric brides were Bertha Spangler and Katherine Spratt!!!

Then came a more solemn picture—a convent scene. Down the corridor I strolled, lost in reverie on the peace and quiet of this life, hidden from the world's cares and strifes. As I mused the angelus sounded and from a dark recess came a

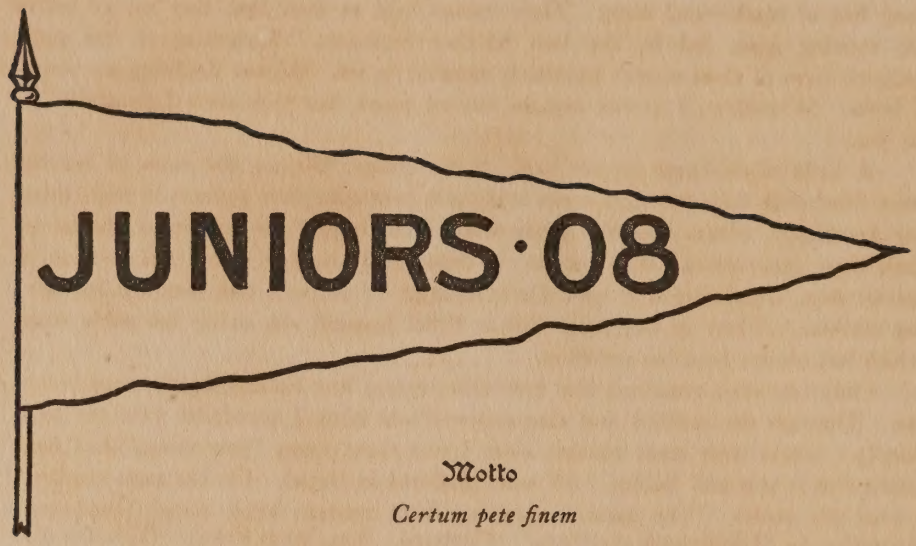
long line of black-veiled nuns. Their crosses held to their lips, they moved on to the evening mass, led by the two Mother Superiors. Something in the pale, resigned faces of these seemed peculiarly familiar to me. Almost doubting my senses I spoke. Wherefore, I cannot explain, cannot prove, but they were Lois and Willie Joe.

A little school-house on the bank of the creek. Within, the rows of benches were filled with boys and girls, some studiously bent over their primers in their thirst for knowledge, others shooting paper wads from behind the protective shelter of their huge geographies. The teacher, in thoughtful abandon, paced the floor as in former days, wondering if it were *Cartwright* or Wheelright that invented the sewing machine. There in this rural district Ethel Randall was doing the noble work which had always been her ambition.

Only one more remained, and how truly fitting that Sullins should come before me. Through the familiar and time-endeared old halls I wandered (via the back door!). There were many changes since I was there, many "new wings" had been added, but it was still Sullins. All were gathered in chapel. On the same old door I read the poster, "The greatest American-born reader, Mlle. Ethel Hoodenpyl. Reduction to Philharmonic members." I entered. Yes, 'twas Ethel. With the eloquence of Cicero she held wrapt the audience. As a special honor to her Alma Mater, she, in all her glory, had visited it again.

My vision fades and I awake to the realities of the Present, with only the memories of the Past, and the hopes for the Future. But in the words of Carlyle, "The past is ever with us, and is a precious possession." I tread again that forever-distant, ever-present Arcadia of happy memories. With each onward step in life dearer becomes that vanished land, clearer its points of light, softer its shadows, more cherished the reappearing forms of those once associated there. Soon we shall be lost and scattered down life's wandering, widening pathways, separated by differences in temperament, by our lots in life, but forever united by that which is never wholly good, never wholly bad, but which is always best when it is most simple and trustful and forgiving—the heart of our common humanity.

We've a very dainty little maid called Lillie.
An English Lord stole her heart,—willy-nilly;
Like a tiger in wilds,
This man vamoosed with smiles,
And the little maid could only feel silly.



Motto

Certum pete finem

Colors

Yellow and White

Flower

Daffodil

Officers

President—FRANCES MOORE
Vice-President—NELLIE SCANLAN
Secretary—CARRIE SAVAGE
Treasurer—PEARL ALBERT

Song

(To the tune of Tammany)

White and yellow are our colors,
This we'd have you note;
"*Certum pete finem*" is the motto
That we quote.
Patriotic Juniors we are. Oh! it
Makes me sigh;
When we are at the Junior Club
This is our tuneful cry—

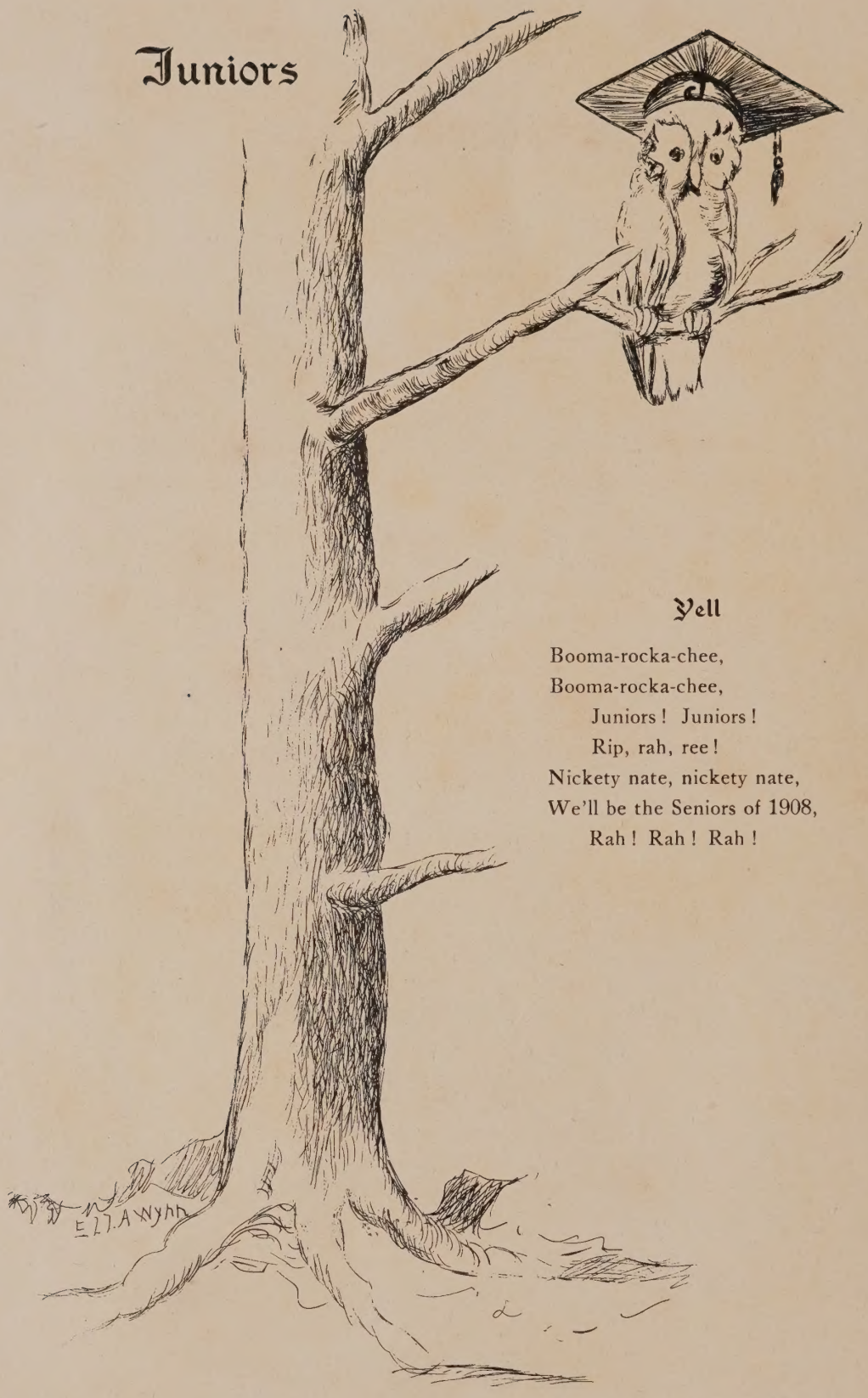
CHORUS

Nineteen eight, nineteen eight;
We're the class of nineteen eight,
Hope next year to graduate,
Nineteen eight, nineteen eight.
Juniors, Juniors, Juniors, Juniors,
Nineteen eight.

Roll

Pearl Albert
Zelma Albert
Ozelle Bryson
Erma Campbell
Clara Clayman
Elise Elliott
Grace Gose
Elizabeth Johnson
Sallie Kennedy
Lassie McNeil
Frances Moore
Jessie Marshall
Virginia Owens
Frances Pierce
Ruth Reeves
Carrie Savage
Nellie Scanlan
Nellie Sharitz
Lena Smith
Ruth Spence
Mary Steffey
Ethel Topp
Katherine Vaught
Amy Watkins
Willie Moore
Bessie Wexler
Ella Wynn
Verna Williamson

Juniors



Yell

Booma-rocka-chee,
Booma-rocka-chee,
Juniors! Juniors!
Rip, rah, ree!
Nickety nate, nickety nate,
We'll be the Seniors of 1908,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Sophomore Class

Colors

Olive and Pearl

Motto

Through thorns to stars

Officers

President—SUMPIE MARTIN

Vice-President—LORA CANNADY

Secretary—EDITH MCQUILKIN

Treasurer—HELEN WALLACE

Members

JANIE ALLEY
ZOLA BRASHEAR
EDNA BAUMGARDNER
ELEANOR BRISCOE
MAGGIE BOYLES
NELLIE CONNOR
LORA CANNADY
EULA CLOWER
MARTHA DEW
WENONA EATON
SADIE ELLIOTT
KATELLA FRAZIER
RUTH GAMBLE
ELIZABETH GIBSON
LELIA GREEN
DAYME HOLLOWAY
CORNELIA HIXON
JOSEPHINE HULL
VIRGINIA HALL
SUMPIE MARTIN
EDITH MCQUILKIN
DORA MEEK
MADGE MIMS
KATE NELMS
REVELY OWEN
HATTIE OWEN
CLEO PRUNER
RAY PEACOCK
MOLLY RHUDY
EMMA RHUDY
MAY SPANGLER
LOUISE SPANGLER
MARGARET SPRATT
JIMMIE SONES
FANNIE STEPHENSON
HELEN WALLACE
IDA WARREN

Yell

Sophs, Sophs, we're the stuff,
That's no bluff;
We can study and never get enough.
Always on time,
That's no crime,
Seniors, Seniors of 1909.

Freshman Class

Color
Green

Motto
N'il desperandum

By-word
"Where's the lesson"

Flower
Fotget-me-not

Officers

President—BLANCHE WILKINSON *Vice-President*—ELIZABETH SCHULER
Secretary—ALTHA LADNER

Members

MOLLIE BROWN
MARY BURKEY
ELLEN DUNN
KATHLEEN DICKENSON
SADIE ELLIOT
VIRGINIA EAKIN
WILLIE GARDNER
GLADYS HEARON
ETHEL HARKLEROAD
KENT KINSER
ALTHA LADNER
WILLIE MARTIN
KELLY MONEYHUN
ANNA LEE MONEYHUN
ELIZABETH SCHULER
LOUISE STONE
LELIA THORNSBURY
EVELYN WALIZER
SUSIE WARREN
BLANCHE WILKINSON
FRANCES WINTERS
JAMIE WITTEN
BLANCHE WITTEN

Yell

Three cheers for the Freshmen of 1907,
Dignified Seniors in 1910,
But good old times in 1911--
No books then.
What then? What then?
Paradise.

Specials

Motto

"May we live to learn well,
And learn to live well"

Colors

Green and White

Flower

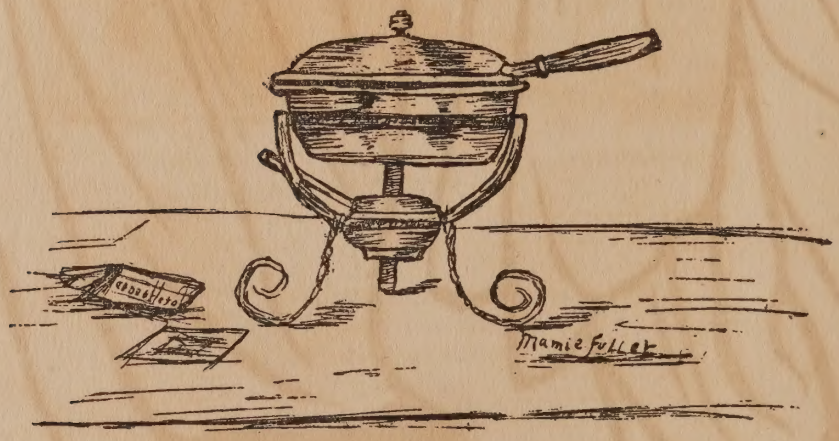
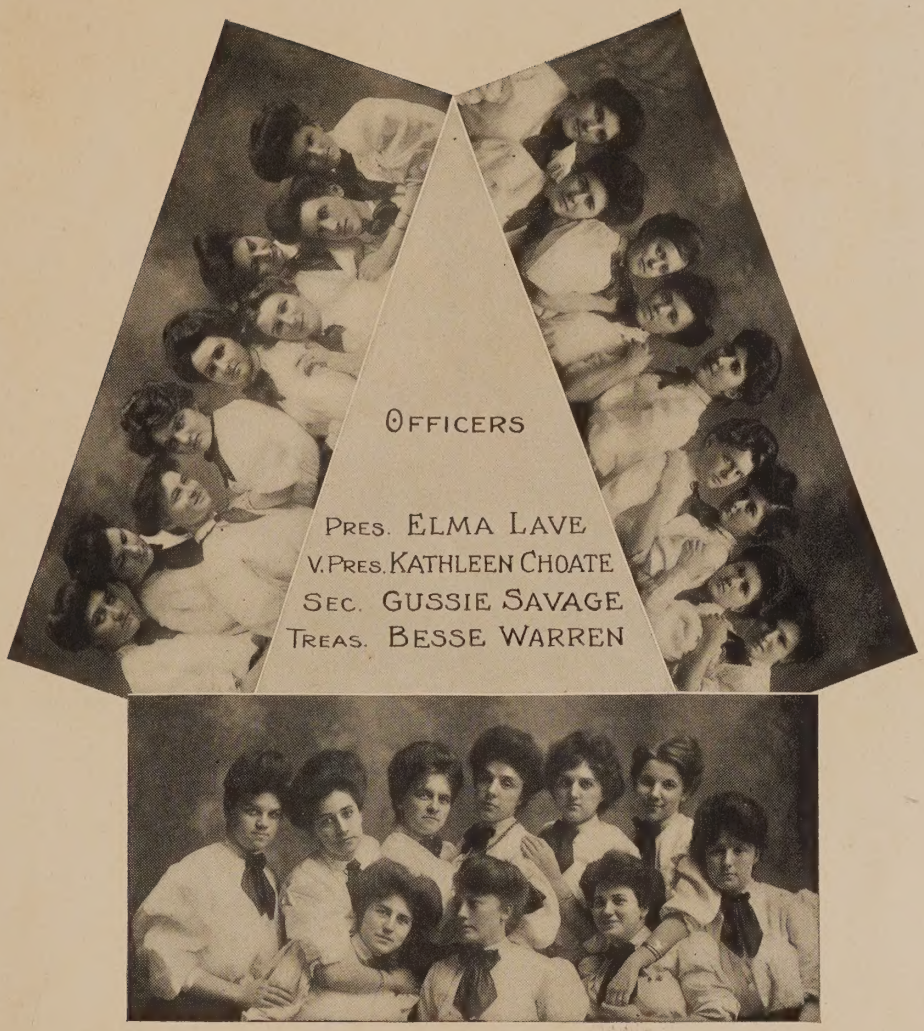
White Rose

Toast

Here's to the Specials:
We admire them for their beauty,
Respect them for their intelligence,
Adore them for their virtue
And love them because we can't help it.

Yell

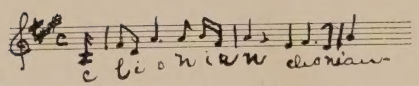
Rip-Rah-Ree! Rip-Rah-Ree!
We are Specials can't you see?
Are we in it, well, well, well;
You ought to look at us and tell.
Rah-Rah-Rah



Members

Lois Topham,
Lettie Crawford,
Blanche Snavely,
Fannie Groseclose,
Lizzie Kate Davison,
Anna Dickenson,
Pearl Williamson,
Leah Browning,
Agnes Lundy,
Mamie Fuller,
Elizabeth Ratliff,
Ennis Wilkinson,
May Osborne,
Viola Ayers,
Carrie Smith,
Eunice O'Nan,
Inez Butler,
Ada Kyle,
Annie McNeil,
Elma Love,
Kathleen Choate,
Besse Warren,
Kent Kinzer,
Gussie Savage,
Ruby Little,
Elizabeth Jones,
Edwina Fowler,
Ruth Adams.

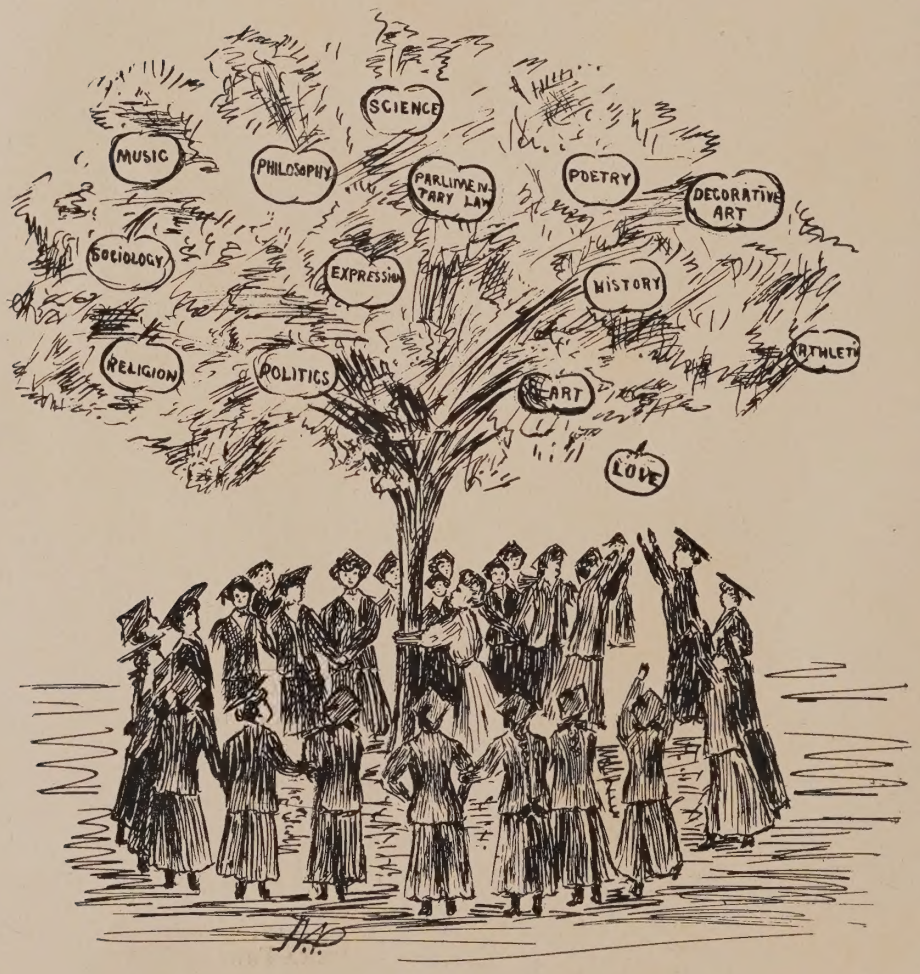
Clionian Society



Colors
Blue and Gold

Flower
Chrysanthemum

Motto
Nihil difficile est forti et fideli



Officers for Fourth Quarter

President . . . . . Elma Love
Vice-President . . . . . Bertha Spangler
Secretary . . . . . Frances Moore
Treasurer . . . . . Ollie Surface
Literary Critic . . . . . Ada James
Music Critic . . . . . Miss Carden
Marshal . . . . . Sallie Kennedy

Members

Ruth Adams,
Maggie Buford,
Edna Brown,
Irene Buchanan,
Zola Brashear,
Mollie Brown,
Perdita Butler,
Ozelle Bryson
Leta Briscoe
Leah Browning,
Kathleen Choate,
Bessie Collup,
Nell Conner,
Lettye Crawford,
Erma Campbell,
Mary L. Cox,
Eula Clower,
Martha Dew,
Maggie Dees,
Eva Dickenson,
Anna Dickenson,
Eugenia Dickenson,
Kathleen Dickenson,
Grace Dozier
Ellen Dunn,
Ruth Dunn,
Virginia Eakin
Ida Earnest
Iva Elrod,
Wenona Eaton
Lula Ferguson,
Edwina Fowler,
Mamie Fuller,
Katella Frazier,
Elizabeth Gibson,
Lenora Giles,
Julia Gleaves,
Lelia Green,
Willie Gardner,
Elizabeth Hairston
Jennie Hall,
Louisa Hall,
Gladys Hearon,
Corinne Hervey,
Mozelle Hervey,
Ethel Hoodenpyl,
Josephine Hull,
Damie Halloway
Mary Huntsman,
Ada James,
Elizabeth Johnson,
Kent Kinzer,
Sallie Kennedy,
Ruby Little,
Elma Love,
Altha Ladner,
Mary McCuddy,
Vera McMurry
Annie McNeil,
Jessie Marshall,
Sadie Mims,
Madge Mims,
Frances Moore,
Dora Meeks,
Mary Meade,
Kate Nelms,
Virginia Owens,
Verta Owens,
Rey Peacock
Gladys Peters,
Katheryne Pinson,
Jettie Patterson,
Elizabeth Ratliff,
Corabel Roberts,
Eva Rogan,
Gussie Savage,
Nellie Scanlan,
Margaret Spratt,
Katherine Spratt,
Ruth Spence,
Bertha Spangler,
Louise Spangler,
May Spangler,
Blanche Snavely,
Lena Smith,
Olive Surface,
Virginia Stone,
Nannie Stuart,
Jimmie Sones,
Lelia Thornsbury,
Ethel Topp
Lois Topham,
Evelyn Walizer,
Mary Frances Winters,
Blanche Witten,
Jamie Witten,
Hallie Woods,

The Trials of Boarding School Life

TOO numerous to number—like a mighty host, they bear down upon us poor, suffering mortals. What is sadder than a young school girl's life, enveloped in a cloud of melancholia? Like Niobe, all tears, she leaves home and mother. One last fond glance at a despondent "William" or "John Henry" through a tear-bespattered window of a fast-flying train bearing her on, on to worse than death—an eternal bean field.

Once there, she is met by the scornful stare of those haughty beings (who arrogantly style themselves "the old girls"). Such encouraging greetings as, *"Ain't* she a sight?" "She wears a switch all right;" "A little water wouldn't hurt her face," meet her ears.

To escape, she flies to her room to seek oblivion in quiet repose.

No trunk has arrived. Meekly she seeks to borrow a blanket from another pale-faced victim, then "draws the drapery of her couch about her and lies down to pleasant dreams."

After a seemingly brief sleep, she is aroused by the crashing, clanging, jangling—oh, the first impression is of fire, next of an Irish wake—but it's that same old rising-bell, that has disturbed the happy dreams of many a Sullinsite and will ere long prove to be the greatest thorn in her flesh.

If her happy home, by chance, be on the second floor, "eternal vigilance" must be her motto, lest demerits dot the snowy pages of her life's book.

With a last hasty brush, she rushes out—waist jauntily hung on one arm. With each step she gathers speed until exhausted, but victorious, she sinks in her chair and loses her thoughts in hash.

History repeats itself, even so do Sullins days—same song, same daily pedestrian tour, same vain search for alcohol—the same, ever the same. Alcohol, the most trying of all, a methodic search begins from basement to gym, begging one drop of alcohol. "Just out," is the only answer. At last a hope. Out of the transom of a prosperous neighbor pours volumes of smoke; on the inside fudge is boiling. Here evidence is too strong. With reluctance they lend the precious fluid and advise the use of toilet water.

On Sunday long lines of black troopers are marshaled out and woe betide the thoughtless one appearing without the required frock-tailed coat and mortar-board cap. For one long week she will pine in seclusion for this careless negligence.

High up in the balcony, far from the sight of human eyes, these unfortunates are placed, there to sit like marble statues until the doxology.

One smile means a demerit—one cheerful grin a month's punishment.

On Sunday afternoons the scenery is indescribable—the mountains in the distance, the city quiet and peaceful, the boys on the sidewalk across the street—yet these are not to be viewed, for one unsatisfactory wave at one's "loving Henry" brings woe and misery, unending.

These are but a few. I feel that my suffering sisters could add volumes, but some things are too sad to mention. Doubtless, in later years our school days will be fondly remembered as the happiest of our lives, the trials prove the brightest spots in them; but for the present we will suffer on and wait for that time to come.

EDNA BROWN.

The Effects of Love

WHY should this ponderous subject be placed before the public? Why should it be so dwelt upon? Who, who of you have not experienced the thrills, the raptures of love? Yet I speak not from personal experience, nay, the paper would be blank; but I do pour forth these sentiments from deep-studied observation.

Look upon the countenance of the assembled audience; first with deep consternation gaze upon the sad monastic visages of the faculty; then upon the pale, emaciated features of the youthful virgins about you. Why that listless attitude? That air of despondency? The "sighs that seem to shatter their bulk?" These, my friends, are the effects of love—of love and soup—both of which are light, their substances both composed of strange ingredients, illusive and deceiving, yet they differ.

Love is changeable—while soup never changes. Aye, verily worse; for worse are its effects upon the constitution than peanuts or cabbage. Poultices may alleviate the suffering caused by a superabundance of these, but with love—there, even the mighty standby, mustard, fails. Nature herself is found wanting, for who throughout centuries of research, who has ever found an herb strong enough to draw out the pangs of love.

Note that melancholy air, from which she can only be roused by the postman's whistle; that look of longing, is it for "home and mother?" Nay; not so. The picture in her mind is of a callous youth whose comely face and "noble figger" lighted the horizon of her vision in the summer past—summer, a time filled with moonlight nights, skating rinks and chocolate sundaes. And now as she gazes from her secluded third-floor window upon that same old moon, in fond remembrance she hums the wistful tune, "Say, kid, ain't this a night to spoon?"

Why should the spirit of mortals be proud? Love also causeth the hair to fall away. What better example than the bald-headed man. This is a marked effect of love, of love *misplaced*. The first domestic hurricane swept away his hair. Various and sundry are the effects and I leave you to experience, for that love, the greatest of all gifts, the passion that rules the human heart, that swerves the destiny of nations, that moves the whole universe, will be authentically and scientifically treated in the next numbers.

LELIA GREEN, '09.

Colors

Gold and Black

Flower

Four-leaf Clover

Motto

Esse quam videre

Farisonian Literary Society

Program Committee

CAROLINE THOMAS SMITH

TAYLOR GRACE PEMBERTON

AMY WATKINS

Farisonian Literary Society

Officers

President—Gesner Lavender *Vice-President*—Miss Ida Warren

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Elizabeth Katherine Davison

Critic—Miss Lois Ellen Summers

Members

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Zelma Albert
Viola Ayers
Bobbie Bonham
Maggie Boyles
Mary Burkey
Lora Cannady
Elizabeth K. Davison
Orpha Cox
Mary Cox
Eliza Epperson
Elise Elliott
Grace Gose
Flora Weatherby
Ruth Gamble
Cornelia Hixon
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Ada Honaker
Isabel Hawley
Mamie Hale
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Isabel Judkins
Sumpie Martin
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Eunice O'Nan
Lillia Morton
Willie Moore
Mallie Rhudy
Emma Rhudy
Lelia Martin
Susie Martin
Dr. Martin
Cleo Pruner
Lillian Quillan
Fannie Stephenson
Pearl Williamson
Verna Williamson
Caroline T. Smith
Katherine Vaught
Lois E. Summers
Pollie Spangler
Julia Trolinger
Carrie Sparger
Carrie Savage
Amy Watkins
Ida Warren

The Sacred Square

As I sit and dream of my girlhood,
A time that is now far away,
Swift to my memory rushes
Scenes that are happy and gay.

Preeminent among the others
Is the thought of my college career;
A period that I hold most sacred,
A time that is very dear;

A time when I worked the hardest,
When it seemed my pleasures were few;
Times that were brilliantly sunny,
Times that were dismally blue.

Our desires were left in the background,
The faculty marked out our path;
We cheerfully did as commanded,
Lest we incur their fierce wrath.

We worked with a vim every moment,
Laziness was regarded a crime;
We had energy delivered in lectures,
And preached to us all of the time.

We attacked every lesson with vigor,
Determined to do or to die;
We attended strictly to business,
Lest "opportunity" pass us by.

We dug out problems with pleasure;
"Current events" were ever a joy;
But heaven protect the poor damsel
Who should dare to smile at a boy.

The college was large and roomy,
Of space there was plenty for all;
We could use the whole of the building,
Except the Reception Hall.

This was regarded as sacred.
We dared not venture too near;
But stayed at a respectful distance,
And gazed on this spot so dear.

The floor was beautifully varnished,
The walls were brown and green;
And in every single direction
Green curtains could be seen.

Three beautiful rugs appeared,
A mass of green and red;
We could look on their velvety softness,
But on them we dared not tread.

The Sacred Square

On a handsome mahogany table,
With a lovely battenburg square
Appeared a jardiniere of ferns
Which idly rested there.

The chairs and seats so enticing,
With solid comfort blest,
Often tempted us poor mortals
To fly to them for rest.

We dared not yield to temptation,
Though often the desire was great;
We knew what surely followed,
And sad would be our fate.

Once when no one was looking,
No one in sight anywhere,
I crept up and stood on the carpet,
For an instant I lingered there;

I stood in this sanctum sanctorum,
This holy of holies so grand,
I felt a glorious sensation
In Paradise I once did stand.

My heart was filled with rapture,
My soul with unutterable joy;
And felt for one glorious moment
Of bliss without alloy.

The bliss of stolen pleasure
Is ever sweetest of all;
But just as I sailed the highest,
I received a sudden fall.

My blood was almost frozen,
My heart refused to beat;
I heard a teacher approaching,
And I made a hasty retreat.

I escaped without being detected;
No guilt was on my soul;
I felt as a love-lorn youth, who
A kiss from his love had stole.

I had accomplished something,
I had done a deed so rare,
The desire of my heart was attained—
I had stood on the "sacred square."

When a home of my own was established,
Comfort reigned everywhere;
Nowhere in all my dwelling,
Can be found a "sacred square."

KATHERINE VAUGHT, F. L. S.

Expression Recital

Miss Ethel Hoodenpyl, *Reader*

and

Miss Gesner Lavender, *Reader*

Monday evening, April 22, 1907

Program

Impersonation from "The Elevator" . . . . . W. D. Howells

Miss Hoodenpyl

Act IV, Scene II, "Othello" . . . . . Shakespeare

Miss Lavender

"Ole Mistis" . . . . . John Trotwood Moore

Miss Hoodenpyl

Cutting from "The Bird's Christmas Carol" . . . . Kate D. Wiggin

Miss Lavender

"The Parlor Car" . . . . . W. D. Howells

Scene—Mr. Richards in an empty car.

Miss Lavender as Miss Lucy Galbraith
Miss Hoodenpyl as Mr. Richards
Miss Adams as the Porter

Piano Recital

Miss Kathryn Spratt, *Virginia*

Miss Jettie Patterson, *Texas*

Miss Isabel Hawley, *Virginia*

Monday evening, May 20, 1907

Program

Sonata—(Moonlight) . . . . . Beethoven
Adagio, Allegretto, Presto con fuoco
Miss Kathryn Spratt

(a) In the Mountains—humoresque . . . . . Greig
(b) Solitude . . . . . Poldini
(c) Shadow Dance . . . . . McDowell
Miss Jettie Patterson

Sonata (Ghosts) . . . . . Beethoven
Miss Isabel Hawley

Ballade . . . . . Chopin
Miss Spratt

Venetian Scene for Piano and Orchestra
(the Orchestra part for 2nd piano) . . . . . Pirani
Miss Patterson

Concertstück (for piano with orchestra) . . . . . Weber
Miss Hawley

Ushers

Edna Brown	Jennie Hall
Ethel Hoodenpyl	Isabel Judkins
Margaret Spratt	Ollie Surface

Which Shall It Be?

Which shall it be; which shall it be?
She looked at Bill and then at D;
("Dear patient ones who've always said
They loved me tho my locks are red")
And when she found that she must choose
Her voice seemed strangely weak and loose,
"I'll think again of what they've said,"
And then she murmuring bent her head
To look at the photo in her hand.
"To you I'll give a house and land
Of acres broad in fair estate,
And jewels rare, and costly plate,
And raiment such as May-queens wore,
And gilded crest with coach and four,
If in return, for this so grand,
You give to me your heart and hand,
To be for aye my very own,
My shrine of love,—my royal throne."
She looked at every clear-cut feature
And well knew there was ne'er a creature
So grandly proud with such conceit,
With all for "Ego" planned complete—
A store of knowledge gleaned from books
And self-sophisticatory looks.
So then she said, with a little sigh,
"I'll choose among them as they lie
In carbon print and pastel shades,—
Artistic colors that will not fade,
In mounted frames of styles galore,
On the top of my little escritoire."
The first one that she looked upon
Was a full length pose of dear old John,
With the right side-pocket of his pants
Adorned with one of his useless hands—
She flecked some dust from his white vest
And said with a decided zest:
"Tho you have promised to be true,
I hardly think I'll marry you."

The next one was a light-haired youth,
Of goodly form and mien, in sooth;
The chiefest of his charms lay in
The deep-set dimple in his chin.
But she remembered with a smile,
That he would oft the hours beguile
With mirthless jokes and twice-told tales,—
The style that very much prevails
With callow lads who fain would dare
To woo and win a maiden fair.
"No, tho I've enjoyed all our walks
And tried to listen to your talks;
No, Tom, I cannot be your 'dear,'
So we will say 'Good-bye,' right here."

Then came the picture of a boy,
And underneath was written "Roy,"
And, "Ever thine," in scrawling hand
Which only she could understand.
"Yes, very well I know the time,
When I was yours and you were mine—
We shared with each youth's halcyon days,—
And sang together spring time lays
Of twittering birds, and bluest skies
And true love in each other's eyes.
But now are gone those days elysian,
I look on life with a different vision;
The 'spring-time lays' and 'twittering birds'
Are now but vain and empty words.
We both have altered much, I ween
Since I was twelve and you sixteen;
So I can but say with pitying grace
That yours is now a hopeless case."

With graceful hand she next withdrew
A photograph that brought to view
A man of aspect stern and keen,
Of meagre looks and visage lean.
She shook her head—thrust it away
With a depreciating "Nay—"
"Your long-suit is domestic science,
Which doesn't meet with my compliance—
'Tis true the culinary art
Sways and commands each human heart;
But as for me there's nothing left,
But to decline to be your chef.
And I'll suggest, if you desire it,
That you begin a careful diet
Of the cereal foods of new creation
That don't require much preparation."

So she took her ink and pen that day
And wrote to each in courteous way,
That tho her heart was almost broken,
(The truth of which her tears (?) betokened)
She could not drive her friends away,
But that to each she'd truly say—
She'd be their sister or their friend,
To esteem and cherish to the end.

Then she stepped to the looking glass,
And o'er her face the powder passed;
Smoothed out all the visible wrinkles
With pure cosmetics made for crinkles,
And to each cheek she gave a pat
Of rouge and talc;—and after that
A penciled line to each eyebrow;
And lo—
With nameless grace she stood endowed
Of many pretty tricks and wiles
To catch new victims with her smiles.
But let's not blame this dainty queen,
For she's the eternal feminine.

GRACE PEMBERTON, F. L. S.

Old Dominion Club

Motto
Sic Semper Tyrannis

Colors
Red and Green

Flower
Virginia Creeper

Song
Carry me back to Ole Virginny

Officers

President—GRACE PEMBERTON
Vice-President—ANNA DICKENSON
Secretary—JULIA GLEAVES

Old Dominion Club Roll

Ruth Allison
Pearl Albert
Zelma Albert
Viola Ayers
Orpha Cox
Leo Crismond
Miss Dickenson
Alma Dickenson
Kathleen Dickenson
Eugenia Dickenson
Eliza Epperson
Virginia Eakin
Grace Gose
Lenora Giles
Elizabeth Gibson
Julia Gleaves
Fanny Groseclose
Ada Honaker
Virginia Hall
Miss Hawley
Mamie Hale
Gladys Hearon
Fanny Horton
Ada James
Isabel Judkins
Ada Kyle
Agnes Lundy
Jessie Marshall
Dora Meek
Mary Meade
Miss Morton
Miss McGavock
Emily Neely
Mae Osborne
Virginia Owens
Miss Pemberton
Lillian Quillan
Mallie Rhudy
Ruth Reeves
Clyde Reeves
Elizabeth Ratliff
Nannie Stuart
Nell Sharitz
Virginia Stone
Ollie Surface
Katheryn Spratt
Margaret Spratt
Fanny Stephenson
Ruth Spence
Blanch Snavely
Lois Summers
Lois Topham
Ella Wynn
Ennis Wilkinson
Besse Warren
Nannie Wilkinson

Tennessee Club

Color

Yellow and White

Flower

Daisy

Motto

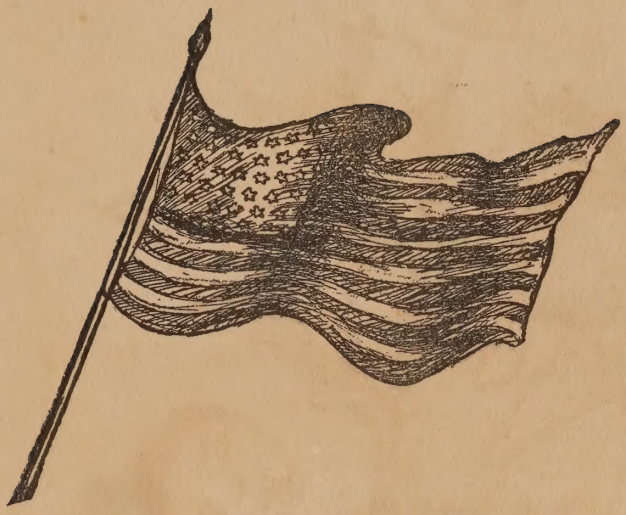
Love me, love my state

Officers

President—MARY MCCUDDY

Vice-President—EDWINA FOWLER

Secretary and Treasurer—ETHEL HOODENPYL



Members

Ruth Adams
Inez Butler
Mary Burkey
Irene Buchanan
Miss Baskervill
Lena Buffalo
Leta Briscoe
Mary Cox
Nell Conner
Ellen Dunn
Grace Dozier
Wilma Wolfe
Ruth Dunn
Iva Elrod
Edwind Fowler
Mrs. Hunt
Ethel Hoodenpyl
Kate Nelms
Mary McCuddy
Madge Mims
Miss Nugent
Elizabeth Johnson
Katherine Vaught
Mary Francis Winters

Alabama Club

Colors
Red and White

Flower
Carnation

Motto
Here we rest—It's climatic

Officers

President—Louisa Hall
Vice-President—Lizzie Kate Davison
Secretary—Carrie Savage
Treasurer—Amy Watkins

Members Alabama Club

Dr. W. E. Martin
Miss Leila Martin
Miss Susie Martin
Miss Etta Beckham
Alma Beckham
Maggie Boyles
Bobbie Bonham
Lora Cannady
Maggie Dees
Martha Dew
Lizzie Kate Davison
Elise Elliott
Ruth Gamble
Louisa Hall
Cornelia Hixon
Gesner Lavender
Sumpie Martin
Willie Moore
Katherine Pinson
Ethel Randall
Carrie Savage
Lena Smith
Ida Warren
Amy Watkins
Pearl Williamson
Verna Williamson

MISSISSIPPI CLUB

Mississippi Club

Motto

Virtue et Armis

Flower

Magnolia

Colors

Red and Blue

Song

"Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow"

Toast

Here's to our own Mississippi,
Her girls nine and eleven;
May all be as true and love her
As the Club of 1907.

Yell

Brockety, brockety, brockety, brock,
Hootity, hootity, hootity, hoot,
Sickity wah! Sickety wah!
Mississippi, Mississippi, rah, rah, rah!

Officers

Corinne Hervey	*President*
Annie McNeil	*Vice-President*
Mozelle Hervey	*Secretary*
Nell Scanlan	*Treasurer*

Members

Maggie Burford
Eula Clower
Wenona Eaton
Corinne Hervey
Dayme Holloway
Altha Ladner
Mrs. McDonald
Edith McDonald
Nell Scanlan
Corabel Roberts
Ozelle Bryson
Erma Campbell
Leelia Green
Mozelle Hervey
Sallie Kennedy
Annie McNeil
Julia McDonald
Rey Peacock
Jimmie Sones
Ethel Topp

West Virginia Club

Motto

"Mountani Semper Liberi"

Flower

Rhododendron

Colors

Blue and Gold

Song

"West Virginia Hills"

Yell

West Virginia coal fields
And a West Virginia girl,
Nothing any better
In all the world,
Rah, Rah, Rah!

Officers

President—LETTYE CRAWFORD *Vice-President*—WILLIE GARDNER

Secretary and Treasurer—BERTHA SPANGLER

Members

LETTYE CRAWFORD
JAMIE WITTEN
BLANCHE WITTEN
WILLIE GARDNER
LOUISE SPANGLER
MAY SPANGLER
LULA LYONS
RUBY LITTLE
KENT KINZER
EVELYN WALIZER
HALLIE WOODS
GLADYS PETERS
BERTHA SPANGLER

WEST VIRGINIA CLUB

KENTUCKY CLUB

Kentucky Club

Flower
Red Carnation

Colors
Blue Grass and Red Clover

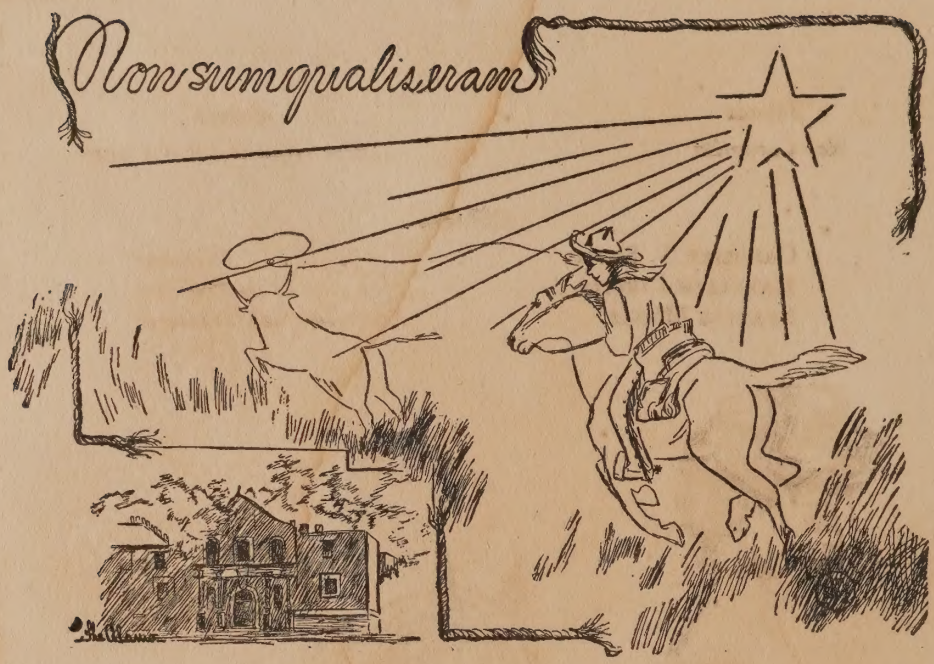
Officers

CAROLINE T. SMITH . . . . . *President*
KATHLEEN CHOATE . . . . . *Vice-President*
FRANCES MOORE . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

CAROLINE T. SMITH — LELIA THORNSBURY
EUNICE O'NAN — CARRIE H. SMITH
FRANCES MOORE — KATHLEEN CHOATE
SADIE MIMS — VERA MCMURRY
FRANCES MARTIN

All Western Club



Motto
Westward ho!

Song
Cow Boy's Dream

Colors
Bandana Red and Pumpkin Yellow

Flower
Cactus

Brand
S–C

Officers

Manager—EDNA BROWN

Ranch Boss—CLEO PRUNER

Farm Boss and Stockholder—GUSSIE SAVAGE

Cow Boys—ELMA LOVE
JETTIE PATTERSON
ZOLA BRASHEAR

Ranch Cook—IDA EARNEST

Syndicate Holder—L. A. PATTERSON

Yell

One a zippa, two a zippa, three a zippa zee!
Nebraska, Texas, Indian T- -
One a zippa, two a zippa, three a zippa zam!
We are the pride of our "Uncle Sam."

Toast

Here's to the land that gave us birth,
Here's to the States, the best on earth ;
Here's to the ones that made them best,
Here's to the girls of the Golden West

Georgia

Officers

CELIA T. BRINSON . . . . . *President*
MOLLIE BROWN . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

Motto

Time ontied waits fer no man

Colors

Auburn, pink and white

Flowers

Goober blooms and wire-grass

Song

My Little Georgia Rose

Yell

Georgia jaw, Georgia jaw, Georgia jaw!
Jaw, jaw!
No law, no law, no law, law!
We're from Georgia, Georgia
Jaw, jaw, Georgians!

Francais Cercle

Devise

Toujours fidele

Couleurs

Mauve et creme

Fleur

Lis

Officers

Mlle. Polly Spangler . . . . *President*
Mlle. Elizabeth Johnson . . . *Vice-President*
Mlle. Revely Owens . . . . . *Secretaire*
Mlle. Ruth Gamble . . . . . *Tresorier*

Membres

Mademoiselles

Ada Honaker — Nell Conner
Revely Owens — Clara Clayman — Ruth Spence
Edna Brown — Pearl Albert — Zelma Albert
Ada James — Verna Williamson
Agnes Gemmel — Ruth Reeves
Grace Pemberton — Lassie McNeil
Sallie Kennedy
Frances Pierce — Lora Cannady
Polly Spangler — Ruth Gamble
Carrie Savage — Elizabeth Johnson
Amy Watkins — Maud Harr — Erma Campbell
Cornelia Hixon — Ethel Hoodenpyl
Ethel Randall — Sumpie Martin

Deutsches Gesellschaft

Sprichwort
Wer fremde Sprachen nicht kennt,
weisz nichts von seiner eigenen

Die Farbe
Grün und Gold

Die Blume
Heidenröslein

Die Offiziere

Die Präsidentin—Fräulein Moore
Die Vice-Präsidentin—Fräulein Ross
Die Sekretärin und Schatzmeisterin—Fräulein McCuddy

Mit glieder

Fräuleins

Zola Brashear
Eleanor Briscoe
Ruth Briscoe
Clara Clayman
Julia Gleaves
Maud Harr
Maggie Harkrader
Ruby Little
Bess Wexler
Lillia Morton
Mary McCuddy
Jessie Marshall
Willie Moore
Ruby Ross
Mary Steffey
Nell Sharitz
Katherine Vaught

Schrei

Rah, Rah, Rah! Wir sind da,
Deutsches Gesellschaft, Rah, Rah, Rah!

Schöne Stunden

O, liebes deutch' Gesellschaft,
Wie können wir ver gessen!
Wir singen und wir plaudern;
Wir trinken und wir essen;
Wir lachen und wir spielen;
Wir lieben und wir leben.
Wie viele schöne Stunden,
Hast du uns ja gegeben.

Dramatic Club

Officers

ETHEL HOODENPYL, *President* GESNER LAVENDER, *Secretary*
ADA JAMES, *Treasurer*

Motto—*Think*

Members

ETHEL HOODENPYL . . . . . "Dude"
GESNER LAVENDER . . . . . "Grandmother"
WILLIE MOORE . . . . . "Maniac"
ADA JAMES . . . . . "Shrew"
VIRGINIA OWENS . . . . . "Afterdinner Speaker"
ISABEL JUDKINS . . . . . "Audrey"
LILLIAN QUILLAN . . . . . "Irish Biddy"
MARY COX . . . . . "Buster Brown"
LOUISE SPANGLER . . . . . "Mary Jane"
SERAPHINA KENDRICK . . . . . "Chatter Box"
YETTA HECHT . . . . . "Fairy"
KATHLEEN DICKENSON . . . . . "Gentle Lassie"
IVA ELROD . . . . . "Parson"
FANNY STEVENSON . . . . . "Country Bride"
ELIZABETH RATLIFF . . . . . "Inquisitive Traveler"
WILMER WOLFE . . . . . "Stump Speaker"
DORA MEEK . . . . . "Boot Black"
GRACE DOZIER . . . . . "Boss"
FANNIE GROSECLOSE . . . . . "Priscilla"
REY PEACOCK . . . . . "Scotch Lassie"
MADGE MIMS . . . . . "Gambler"
KATE NELMS . . . . . "Old Woman"
IDA WARREN . . . . . "Would-be-blonde"
RUTH ADAMS . . . . . "Porter"
MARY BURKEY . . . . . "Young Man"
PEARL ANDES . . . . . "Coquette"
EULA LEE KENDRICK . . . . . "Telephone Girl"
ANNA NEELEY . . . . . "Flirt"

B Δ Club

Pass Word
We are as one

Favorite Occupation
Digging coal and avoiding trouble

Meeting Place
Lovers' Lane

Colors
Black and White

Officers

Willie Gardner	*President*
Lettye Crawford	*Vice-President*
Blanch Witten	*Secretary and Treasurer*
Kent Kinzer	*Chaperon*
Jamie Witten	*Coal Digger*
Evelyn Walizer	*Sport*

Song
How'd you like to spoon with me

Yell

Hi, Heigh, Ho!
Away we go,
We are the best,
We know it's so,
For we are the B Δ's,
Don't you know,
Are we in it?
Well, I guess,
Bluefield, Bluefield,
Yes, yes, yes.

Tip Top Club

Colors
Dark blue and white

Favorite Song
"You and I"

Motto
"While we eat, we live"

Members	Better known as	Hobby
Isabel Hawley	Hyston	Going east
Bertha Spangler	Mrs. B. F.	Going south
Isabel Judkins	Lizzie	Tide-water
Kathryn Spratt	Kate	Going west
Cleo Pruner	Neb	Harmeling Theatre
Margaret Spratt	Bill	Huylers
Mary Cox	Dutch	Valentines
Ollie Surface	Little 'un	Going west
Jennie Hall	Teeny	Skating Rink

Officers

President—Isabel Hawley
Vice-President—Kathryn Spratt
Secretary—Bertha Spangler
Treasurer—Ollie Surface

Favorite Occupation
Cutting Class

Yell

X-Y-Z, X-Y-Z,
We're the Tip Tops—yes sir-ree,
We always dare,
We never care,
For what's the use;
We're Tip Tops—see?
Rah!

Athletic Association

Tennis Club

Officers

ELMA LOVE . . . . . *President*
GRACE PEMBERTON . . . . . *Vice-President*
ZOLA BRASHEAR . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

Colors

Pale blue and bronze

Members

RUTH ADAMS
RUTH ALLISON
OZELLE BRYSON
ZOLA BBASHEAR
MOLLIE BROWN
BOBBIE BONHAM
IRENE BUCHANAN
ERMA CAMPBELL
EULA CLOWER
LORA CANNADY
LETTYE CRAWFORD
GRACE DOZIER
LIZZIE KATE DAVISON
ANNA DICKENSON
MAGGIE DEES
VIRGINIA EAKIN
WENONA EATON
EDWINA FOWLER
KATELLA FRAZIER
WILLIE GARDNER
GRACE GOSE
ELIZABETH GIBSON
JULIA GLEAVES
LELIA GREEN
RUTH GAMBLE
MOZELLE HERVEY
CORINNE HERVEY
LOUISA HALL
DAMIE HALLOWAY
ETHEL HOODENPYL
VIRGINIA HALL
GLADYS HEARON
MAMIE HALE
CORNELIA HIXON
FANNIE HORTON
ELIZABETH JOHNSON

Members

Ruby Little
Elma Love
Agnes Lundy
Altha Ladner
Frances Moore
Mary McCuddy
Dora Meek
Edith McDonald
Julia McDonald
Willie Moore
Susie Martin
Annie McNeil
Sumpie Martin
Jessie Marshall
Mary Meade
Madge Mims
Kate Nelms
Virginia Owens
Eunice Onan
Grace Pemberton
Rey Peacock
Katherine Pinson
Cleo Pruner
Elizabeth Ratcliff
Lois Reeves
Ethel Randall
Margaret Spratt
Katherine Spratt
Lena Smith
Carrie Savage
Bertha Spangler
Jimmie Sones
Ollie Surface
Nell Scanlan
Pollie Spangler
Fannie Stephenson
Lois Topham
Katherine Vaught
Blanche Witten
Jamie Witten
Besse Warren
Ida Warren
Amy Watkins
Pearl Williamson
Verna Williamson

Basket Ball

The Comets		The Tigers
Katheryn Spratt	Captain	Zola Brashear
Annie McNeil	Goal thrower	Louisa Hall
Willie Moore	Guard	Willie Gardner
Lena Smith	Guard	Erma Campbell
Lettye Crawford	Center	Kathryn Pinson

Colors
Blue and White

Yell

Zipla, zipla, zipla-zum,
Basket ball, Comets, hurry come!
We always aim
To win the game;
We know how to play,
So we can't loose. Say,
Cheer the Comets, hooray! hooray!

Motto
Better not be at all, than not be a star

Colors
Blue and Red

Yell

Breke-ko-kex, ko-wex, ko-wal,
Breko-ko-kex, ko-wex, ko-wal,
Tigers, Tigers, basket ball,
Red and blue, red and blue,
Tu-wa-tu-wa-tu-wa-tu
First Team!!!

Motto
Do others, before they do you

None Such Team

Motto

Play ball now and study some other time

Colors
White and blue

Colors
Red and blue

Captains

HOODENPYL — HALLOWAY

Members

CANNADAY GLEAVES
MARTIN LUNDY
GAMBLE SCANLAN
BROWN SONES
EATON CLOWER
OWENS LADNER
JOHNSON MIMS
DEES HIXON

Umpire
STONE

Yell

Hoopala, hoopala, hoopala, hoo !
None Such Team all dressed in blue,
White and blue, red and blue,
You wish you were a None Such—yes you do !
Hullabala, hullabala !
None Such, None Such, rah, rah, rah !
Better than all, better than all,
None Such Team can sho' play ball.
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Y W C A
Not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts
CARRIE SAVAGE, PRES.
LOUISA HALL, V. PRES.
BERTHA SPANGLER, SEC.
POLLIE SPANGLER, TREAS.

The work of the Young Woman's Christian Association during this year has been most satisfactory. As an Association there is perfect co-operation among the various committees, while as individuals each member is an earnest worker, and much has been accomplished for the Master.

Last year when our two delegates returned from the Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville, they set to work with such enthusiasm that in a remarkably short time Bible Classes and Mission Study Circles were organized, and the girls had learned the benefit of keeping "Morning Watch." They have now come to regard these little services as a necessary beginning for the day's work. This year Mission Study and Bible History have been included in the College course. Owing to the efficient work done in this department, the cabinet thought best not to organize separate Bible and Mission Circles. There is an increasing interest in Mission work and the girls were delighted with the mite boxes for "systematic giving." We are now educating a Korean girl.

The social side of the Y. W. C. A. has been most pleasant this year. Among other occasions of fun and pleasure the Hallowe'en Party will always be remembered by the Sullinsites—especially Dr. Martin. Plans are already being made for looking after the "new girls" next year; and the social committee will probably be a source of much comfort as well as a bureau of information for the many homesick girls who may come to cast their lot with ours.

Our Association was represented at Asheville last year, for the first time. This year we expect to send four, or more, delegates.

What we most desire is a large number of nominal members but good, earnest workers—this year we have both quantity and quality. There is every indication that next year the Y. W. C. A. will be even stronger than it was this. It is the prayer of the friends of the Association that it may continue to grow and progress as it has for the past two years.

April First

'Twas the first night of April,
When all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse.

My door gently opened
And out in the hall
I crept very softly
My comrades to call

The floor began creaking;
I shuddered with fear,
Lest a slumbering teacher
The noise might hear.

I moved along slowly
And rapped on a door
But no sound from within
Save a terrible snore.

I turned the knob quickly
And softly went in.
I hated to wake them—
'Twas almost a sin.

But I woke up the sleepers,
And bade them use care,
And move without noise
When descending the stair

So on through the college
I wended my way,
Arousing the maidens
Who slumbering lay.

From all down the hall
The sleepy girls came,
All dressed just alike—
Each looked the same.

The lights were extinguished,
In darkness we worked;
Each one did her duty—
No labor was shirked.

To each teacher's door
We tiptoed with care,
And four trusty maidens
Were left stationed there.

Quantities of good rope
Were left at each door—
The girls were to call us
If they should need more.

Around the door knobs
The rope was well-wrapped,
And the teachers imprisoned
While they peacefully napped.

No resistance they offered,
For what was the use;
The attempt would be vain,
They could not get loose.

We had all worked with fervor,
But now for the fun.
Our hard work was over
And our pleasure begun.

The girls began singing
A sweet little song
That increased in volume
As we all marched along.

To accompany the singers
We played on dust pans—
Made music on combs
And some stray tin cans.

"On a sour apple tree"
Each teacher was hung,
And a sweet little song
To each one was sung.

We descended the stairs
To the spacious front hall;
On the "Sacred Square" stood
Each, one and all.

As we stood there together,
The yells that we gave
Would have wakened the dead
From the depths of the grave.

"The teachers may quarrel,
The teachers may rear;
But we are all standing
On the 'Sacred Square'."

From out of the silence
The chapel bell rang;
The music was hushed—
No longer we sang.

From sheer force of habit,
We wended our way
To our seats in the chapel
As we did every day.

But no teacher appeared,
No weekly report;
For we were all school-girls,
And this was our sport.

A mock school was held,
But no order was there;
For each in this merriment
Was having her share.

Again on our serenade
We hastened away,
And kept up the racket
Till the breaking of day.

For five lengthy hours
We labored our best,
But no girl was sleepy—
None thought of rest.

On none we had pity—
Compassion we spurned—
For through hardest of work
Our pleasure was earned.

For all through the year
The teachers held sway,
But the first night of April
The girls had their way.

K. N. V.

We've a very grand dame—Mrs. Hunt.
Lecture's her particular stunt.
She sets all the styles,
And sees thro' our wiles;
For Mr. Bodell her face is all smiles—
There she has all the Faculty "skunt."

There was a young lady named Bessie,
Who of late has become very dressy.
She'd swap her A. B.
To get a "D. D.,"
Tho the "D. D.," in sooth, was quite messy.

A Quarantine Episode

"I tell you, Sue, there is no use in your talking about it any more. You know it is impossible for you to get through; you will be stopped at Columbia and turned back. Quarantines are disappointing, but nevertheless, firm." And having done her duty, Aunt Jane took her pantry keys off the mantel and left the room.

"Resigned nothing!" said Sue, sweeping aside an armful of the clothes that covered bed, chairs and floor, and sitting down. "No, sir; here I've planned and plotted for a month to go to that wedding and I am going! The idea of missing the wedding of my best friend when there is to be a house party afterward! And I'm to be maid of honor, too!" She cast a loving glance at the beruffled little pale blue gown that took up a whole tray in her trunk.

"I always was unlucky, though, and I believe that board of health knew it when they put on their horrid quarantine just the day before I was to start; and I have already written Harry to meet me at Columbia and he'll be so disappointed."

In spite of her declarations that she would go anyhow, Sue was becoming very despondent and the tears were very near the surface. It was to be such a great treat! A whole week of fun! and then, the wedding.

Sue lived with her aunt in a little village out on a branch road, and to go to her friend's she must go to the junction at Columbia, and from there up the railroad to Newton, and then ride in a buggy five miles out in the country to the plantation-home of her chum and classmate while at Sullins. As few cases of yellow fever had broken out in one of the larger towns about a hundred miles below Columbia, Newton had quarantined against all passengers from south of them. So Sue was in great trouble and things looked very dismal for her. But with characteristic recklessness she determined to go anyhow and to beg or bribe the guards to let her through. She looked across the room at the reflection of her dainty self in the mirror.

"Sue, you are going, do you hear me? You are going! You must go and you are going!"

Aunt Jane, thinking she would be back on the evening train, let her go, and so she arrived at Columbia a few moments before the south-bound passenger pulled in, and on it Harry. Harry's face was beaming when he caught sight of Sue on the platform.

"I thought you wouldn't come when the city dads put the quarantine on, but your letter came this morning early saying you were coming, so I thought I would run down and see if you really were. So you did! How do you intend to get to Newton?"

"Yes, I did; and I shall go to Newton, too, Harry. Who is the inspector at the Newton station?"

"I think you know him. His name is Peterman—Sam Peterman."

"Sam Peterman! Oh, dear; I used to know him; I didn't like him, and I broke an engagement with him once to go with some one I liked better. Well, I'm going to telegraph and ask him, anyway."

"It won't do one bit of good, Sue; they have orders to be extra strict this year."

But Sue paid no attention, and she was already at the window of the little telegraph office.

Harry's face had lost the joyous look that the first sight of her called forth.

"It is no use," he said to the switch-sign. "She doesn't love me and never will. I was a fool to build up my hopes because she asked me to meet her here; the journey to Newton is pleasanter with than without company and that was her only reason. And you, Harry Ross, have been treading on air for a week for just that." He walked over to the window where Sue stood biting her pencil.

"Will that do, Harry?" and she handed him the telegram:

"MR. SAMUEL PETERMAN:

"Won't you please let me off at Newton? I have not been within one hundred miles of yellow fever. SUE PALMER."

Harry smiled. The telegram was just like Sue, where she knew it would not do one bit of good.

In an hour the reply came, brief and characteristic:

"MISS PALMER:

"No.

"S. PETERMAN."

"Well, I like that; he might at least have had the manners to say he was sorry."

Just then, a seedy-looking individual came up and asked: "Is this Miss Palmer?" and with a broad grin on his face he handed Sue a telegram he had just received. It ran like this:

"TO THE QUARANTINE GUARD AT COLUMBIA:

"On no condition allow Miss Sue Palmer to board north-bound passenger.

"S. PETERMAN,
"Inspector."

Sue was angry by this time, and, handing the yellow paper back she turned and walked away. Harry felt like knocking the guard down, but Sue looked so pitiful he went to her instead.

"Sue, that guard will be relieved before the north-bound comes up."

"What good will that do? The telegram won't be relieved." She was cross. Aunt Jane would say "I told you so," when she went back.

"Yes; but the telegram says 'Miss Palmer.' It doesn't say anything about Mrs. Ross, and I have a certificate."

Sue looked up; she thought Harry was laughing at her, but he did not look like he was laughing. She never had seen such a look in his eyes. Harry had made love to her for two years and she was used to it, but he had never looked that way before.

In the afternoon, as the guard helped the passengers on the north-bound train at Columbia, he held a bit of yellow paper in his hand, but he did not find Miss Palmer.

As Harry and Sue stepped off the train at Newton, a man with a badge came up.

"This is Miss Palmer, I believe."

"Excuse me, this is my wife." Harry's eyes were twinkling.

The man looked surprised and carefully scrutinized the other passengers—two drummers, an old woman with a parrot, and a nurse with a child.

"She must have been scared off by Peterman's telegram; the others are the ones he said went down this morning. But he said he was sure that girl would try to come; said he knew her and she was a daisy. He didn't say anything about Ross's wife going down, too; he must have forgotten her."

And as Harry helped her in the carriage, she whispered:

"Really, I did make it, all O. K. didn't I?"

D. L. H.

Jokes

Absent-minded teacher (looking over a basket of choice oranges) to astounded clerk—"Er—are these grape nuts or peaches?"

Lelia (discussing horticulture with Ethel)—"Say, Ethel, have you all a green house in Tupelo?"

Ethel—"Ye—s, Mrs. Robbins lives in one."

O Times! O Customs! Even the President of Sullins College suffers at the tender mercies of the stern blue-coated guard of State Street. Dr. Martin bodily snatched from line by an over-zealous policeman! Doubtless he has many sympathizers among the Bristol youths who, from experience, know the sensation of being lifted from the seventh heaven of bliss into the cold, damp street.

Misses Frances Moore and Zola Brashear heroically did their duty toward the Annual at the last oyster supper. The college is willing to stand all necessary expense for indigestion tablets.

An enthusiastic group were discussing the new piano instructor. An ardent admirer said: "Mr. Vredenburg is a theosophist."

Mary—"O, Good! I'll get him to feel the bumps on my head.

Great scientific discovery!!! Only extant specimen of a prehistoric insect! During a recent excavation in a soup bowl, Miss Ozelle Bryson unearthed an invertebrate, which, after due consideration, she pronounced an oyster. This startling statement was corroborated by several colleagues.

Miss Bryson is to be congratulated. Her success shows the reward of unerring perseverance and diligent application.

On exhibition at Sullins laboratory.

Lives of great men all remind us,
As the pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.

Miss McG. (to student in geometry)—"Frances, draw that line 'P. D. Q'."

Outsider—"I wonder if there's anything serious between Miss D. and Dr. M.?"
Student—"I think so; she has had the heels of her shoes lowered."

Wanted—An ever-watchful Cerebus to guard the Sacred Square at main entrance of the Brain Factory. MRS. S. I. HUNT.

Answers to Queries

How can one overcome timidity of butting in on feasts?

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

This timidity is quite natural, but with self-confidence and determination may be overcome. Make the region of the telephone your headquarters, paying especial attention to the room number. Calmly make all preparation during study hall. At

the aforesaid hour, rap gently but firmly on the door; at the rattling of paper and pans on the interior, increase persistency and firmness of the knock. Perseverance and hard knuckles will gain your admittance. Walk enthusiastically in, regardless of cool atmosphere. Note with careful scrutiny the egg shells on the dresser and canned goods under the pillow. Select a suitable location and await results.

How may I grow fat on punishment? NAUGHTY NELL

We do not deal with this question in our department. See Ida Earnest, 109 Flirtation Avenue.

How may I keep my neck dusted? JAUNTY JETTY

Try Fairbanks' Gold Dust and Skin Remover, a little Rub-no-more, thrice daily; if these fail, use sand paper as a last resort.

Can you tell me how to make a goodly profit on my school books?
ANXIOUS ABE

Always use your classmates' and keep your own secreted in family closet.

*

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them." Miss B. figures among the last, being greeted the other morning by an enthusiast in the following manner: "Good morning, Mrs. Martin."

*

Hints

Spring millinery is very much like that of last season. Tassels somewhat thinner.

Coiffure for early morning wear—A lá slick, a simple braid left hanging down the back or on the dresser, according to time limitations.

Gym blouses will not be worn this summer.

During scarcity of alcohol, try toilet water—far exceeding oil or anthracite coal—for melting cheese, curling hair, or laundry purposes. Once borrowed, always used. No neighbor should be without it.

*

Dr. M. is a very timid youth; indeed, he is so afraid that he will not go around alone to turn off the lights. He requires the chaperonage of a certain brave and fair maid.

Presiding elder of Abingdon District called yesterday, as usual. For all Abingdon news apply to Miss B.

Miss S (replacing a volume of Lord's "Beacon Lights of History")—"This Lord Beacon is such an interesting writer."

Two animated seniors were seated on the campus, discussing the "Annual."
Grace—"Now, Louisa, let's take up the question of binding. I think we ought to have a flexible one, don't you."
Louisa—"I certainly do, and I would suggest DRIP leather!"

A. S. McNeil & Company, furniture repairers, have an extensive business with Sullins lately, since Dr. M. "has taken to keepin' comp'ny" and late hours in the parlor.

M'dms Kati Lizi Choatee and A. Besskine Warrynavitch
Greatest American-born Vocalists
Accompanist—Mrs. Rive-King
Wednesday, November 14, 1906, Sullins College
Admission, $120.00 per hour
Reduction to College Students, $119.99½
Programme from 9 : 00 p. m. to 2 : 00 a. m.

PROGRAMME

Duet : "My Name is Morgan, but it Aint J. P." . N. Johnsing
Kati Lizi Choatee and A. Besskine Warrynavitch

Solo : "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight" . Silas Showpan
Kati Lizi Choatee

Solo : "Fourteenth Souptarian Rhapsody" - Edmanuelle Browlin
A. Besskine Warrynavitch

Duet : "Over the Hill to the Poor House" . Tom Mozart
Choatee and Warrynavitch

Encore : "There'll Be Beans for Everybody" . National Hymn

Floral offerings and other vegetables received at back door
Refreshments

Wonder why it is that Ida requested Mrs. Hunt not to mention that she had asked that lady's permission to wear the artificial carnations in the dining hall Easter Sunday.

'Twas on the beach that summer
We two sat on the sand;
How well do I remember,
I gently held her—parasol (?)

We did not hurry homeward
For we dearly loved the place.
She had a box of Huyler's
And my arm stole round her—candy (?)

The Summer's sun was sinking,
Ye gods! what glorious bliss.
I madly loved my darling,
So I stole a little—chocolate drop (?)

There was a man named Aleck
Who really became quite angelic.
The cause was a lass—
Not the Sunday-school class—
Which made little Aleck angelic.

Last Will and Testament

To Whom It May Concern--Know all men by these presents:

We—the Senior Class, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make this our last testament, by which we make known concerning the disposition of our several goods and to whom we bequeath our Senior effects:—With tears in our eyes and with faltering steps we tremblingly approach that lachrymose period in our college course when we needs must discontinue our associations with numerous things which have, through pleasant days of toil and trials, become implanted into ourselves and which have enamoured our very souls. Thus, at this sad time, we gladly—because it is noble and unselfish—bequeath to you, our worthy Juniors, our best-beloved books which we entrust to your care and keeping, with the parting injunction that you, at all times, deal with them gently and lovingly, touching them only with a feeling of reverence and admiration for your unselfish Seniors, who by that time will have passed on into other environments. Along with these, we leave to you various hard lessons which we hope you will con with earnest aspiration and zeal, and conquer them just as we have and thus pursue your course in that trodden path to success, that we so generously leave behind us.

With reluctance we surrender to you the sundry opportunities for gaining those much-longed-for demerits, of which opportunities we did not take advantage so that none have been denied you. There is also presented to you our clean and perfect record, together with an excellent example. We implore you to follow in our footsteps. With miserable and sorrowful emotions we leave to you our Faculty, which cannot be surpassed, all of whom we are loathe to part with. Most unselfishly is given in your behalf a whole Senior year. This carries with it untold advantages, among which have been left unused and for your special benefit the Senior Rights. They are, we assure you, as good as new, and will stand usage, if treated in the right manner. Above all, oh, Juniors, treasure these little gifts. In moments when your path seems blurred like the "Milky Way," or, perchance, rough and rocky, cherish this motto: *"Per aspera ad astra."* With one more mighty and noble effort to cast away our own feelings, we tearfully bequeath to you our last and sole possessions—our richest treasures; and now like the stamp of the Seal of Fate we entrust to your tender mercies those few straggling Seniors who "silently, one by one, the forget-me-nots of the graduates," have fallen by the wayside.

Whereunto we set our hands and seal, this fourth day of June, 1907.

SENIORS. their X mark

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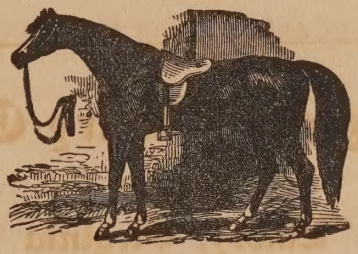

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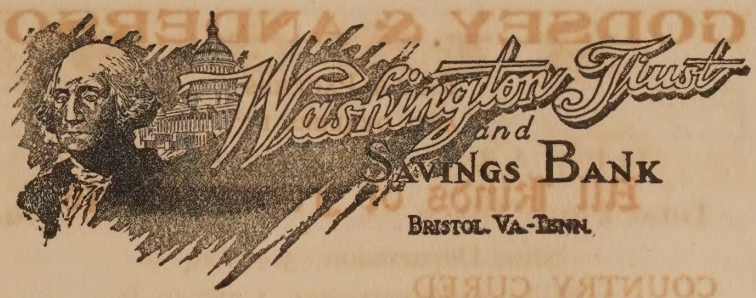

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